

*Esc.* I fir, very well.

*Cl.* Nay, I beseech you marke it well.

*Esc.* Well, I doe so.

*Cl.* Doth your honor see any harme in his face?

*Esc.* Why no.

*Cl.* Ile be suppos'd vpon a booke, his face is the worst thing about him: good then: if his face be the worst thing about him, how could Master *Froth* doe the Constables wife any harme? I would know that of your honour.

*Esc.* He's in the right (Constable) what say you to it?

*Elb.* First, and it like you, the house is a respected house; next, this is a respected fellow; and his Mistris is a respected woman.

*Cl.* By this hand Sir, his wife is a more respected person then any of vs all.

*Elb.* Varlet, thou lye'st; thou lye'st wicked varlet: the time is yet to come that shee was euer respected with man, woman, or childe.

*Cl.* Sir, she was respected with him, before he married with her.

*Esc.* Which is the wiser here; *Iustice* or *Iniquitie*? Is this true?

*Elb.* O thou caytiffe: O thou varlet: O thou wicked *Hanniball*; I respected with her, before I was married to her? Ifeuer I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship thinke mee the poore *Dukes* Officer: proue this, thou wicked *Hanniball*, or ile haue mine action of battry on thee.

*Esc.* If he tooke you a box 'oth'care, you might haue your action of slander too.

*Elb.* Marry I thanke your good worship for it: what is't your Worships pleasure I shall doe with this wicked Caitiffe?

*Esc.* Truly Officer, because he hath some offences in him, that thou wouldst discouer, if thou couldst, let him continue in his courtes, till thou knowst what they are.

*Elb.* Marry I thanke your worship for it: Thou seest thou wicked varlet now, what's come vpon thee. Thou art to continue now thou Varlet, thou art to continue.

*Esc.* Where were you berne, friend?

*Froth.* Here in *Vienna*, Sir.

*Esc.* Are you of fourescore pounds a yeere?

*Froth.* Yes, and 't please you fir.

*Esc.* So: what trade are you of, fir?

*Cl.* A Tapster, a poore widdowes Tapster.

*Esc.* Your Mistris name?

*Cl.* Mistris *Ouer-don*.

*Esc.* Hath she had any more then one husband?

*Cl.* Nine, fir: *Ouer-don* by the last.

*Esc.* Nine? come hether to me, Master *Froth*; Master *Froth*, I would not haue you acquainted with Tapsters; they will draw you Master *Froth*, and you wil hang them: get you gon, and let me heare no more of you.

*Fro.* I thanke your worship: for mine owne part, I neuer come into any roome in a Tap-house, but I am drawne in.

*Esc.* Well: no more of it Master *Froth*: farewell: Come you hether to me, Mr. Tapster: what's your name Mr. Tapster?

*Cl.* Pompey.

*Esc.* What else?

*Cl.* Bum, Sir.

*Esc.* Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you, so that in the beastliest sence, you are Pompey the

great; Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey; howsoeuer you colour it in being a Tapster, are you not? come, tell me true, it shall be the better for you.

*Cl.* Truly fir, I am a poore fellow that would liue.

*Esc.* How would you liue Pompey? by being a bawd? what doe you thinke of the trade Pompey? is it a lawfull trade?

*Cl.* If the Law would allow it, fir.

*Esc.* But the Law will not allow it Pompey; nor it shall not be allowed in *Vienna*.

*Cl.* Do's your Worship meane to geld and splay all the youth of the City?

*Esc.* No, Pompey.

*Cl.* Truly Sir, in my poore opinion they will too: then: if your worship will take order for the drabs and the knaues, you need not to feare the bawds.

*Esc.* There is pretty orders beginning I can tell you: It is but heading, and hanging.

*Cl.* If you head, and hang all that offend that way but for ten yeare together; you'll be glad to giue out a Commission for more heads: if this law hold in *Vienna* ten yeare, ile rent the fairest house in it after three pence a Bay: if you liue to see this come to passe, say Pompey told you so.

*Esc.* Thanke you good Pompey; and in requitall of your prophesie, harke you: I aduise you let me not finde you before me againe vpon any complaint whatsoeuer; no, not for dwelling where you doe: if I doe Pompey, I shall beat you to your Tent, and proue a shrewd *Caesar* to you: in plaine dealing Pompey, I shall haue you whipt; so for this time, Pompey, fare you well.

*Cl.* I thanke your Worship for your good counsell; but I shall follow it as the flesh and fortune shall better determine. Whip me? no, no, let Carman whip his Iade, The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade. *Exit.*  
*Esc.* Come hether to me, Master *Elbow*: come hither Master Constable: how long haue you bin in this place of Constable?

*Elb.* Seuen yeere, and a halfe fir.

*Esc.* I thought by the readinesse in the office, you had continued in it some time: you say seauen yeares together.

*Elb.* And a halfe fir.

*Esc.* Alas, it hath beene great paines to you: they do you wrong to put you so oft vpon't. Are there not men in your Ward sufficient to serue it?

*Elb.* Faith fir, few of any wit in such matters: as they are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them; I do it for some peece of money, and goe through with all.

*Esc.* Looke you bring mee in the names of some fixe or seuen, the most sufficient of your parish.

*Elb.* To your Worships house fir?

*Esc.* To my house: fare you well: what's a clocke, thinke you?

*Iust.* Eleuen, Sir.

*Esc.* I pray you home to dinner with me.

*Iust.* I humbly thanke you.

*Esc.* It grieues me for the death of *Claudio* But there's no remedie:

*Iust.* Lord *Angelo* is seuer.

*Esc.* It is but needfull.

Mercy is not it selfe, that oft looks so, Pardon is still the nurse of second woe: But yet, poore *Claudio*; there is no remedie. Come Sir.

*Exeunt.*  
*Scena*

## Scena Secunda.

*Enter Prouost, Seruants.*

*Ser.* Hee's hearing of a Cause; he will come straight, Ile tell him of you.

*Pro.* Pray you doe; Ile know His pleasure, may be he will relent; alas He hath but as offended in a dreame, All Sects, all Ages smack of this vice, and he To die for't?

*Enter Angelo.*

*Ang.* Now, what's the matter *Prouost*?

*Pro.* Is it your will *Claudio* shall die to morrow?

*Ang.* Did not I tell thee yea? hadst thou not order? Why do'st thou aske againe?

*Pro.* Left I might be too rash: Vnder your good correction, I haue sene When after execution, Iudgement hath Repented ore his doome.

*Ang.* Goe to; let that be mine, Doe you your office, or giue vp your Place, And you shall well be spar'd.

*Pro.* I craue your Honours pardon: What shall be done Sir, with the groaning *Iuliet*? Shee's very neere her howre.

*Ang.* Dispose of her To some more fitter place; and that with speed.

*Ser.* Here is the sister of the man condemn'd, Desires access to you.

*Ang.* Hath he a Sister?

*Pro.* I my good Lord, a very vertuous maid, And to be shortlie of a Sister-hood, If not alreadie.

*Ang.* Well: let her be admitted, See you the Fornicatresse be remou'd, Let her haue needfull, but not lawfull meanes, There shall be order for't.

*Enter Lucio and Isabella.*

*Pro.* Saue your Honour. (will?)

*Ang.* Stay a little while: y'are welcome: what's your

*Isab.* I am a wofull Sutor to your Honour,

'Please but your Honor heare me.

*Ang.* Well: what's your suite.

*Isab.* There is a vice that most I doe abhorre, And most desire should meet the blow of Iustice;

For which I would not plead, but that I must, For which I must not plead, but that I am

At warre, twixt will, and will not.

*Ang.* Well: the matter?

*Isab.* I haue a brother is condemn'd to die,

I doe beseech you let it be his fault,

And not my brother.

*Pro.* Heauen giue thee mouing graces.

*Ang.* Condemne the fault, and not the actor of it,

Why euery fault's condemn'd ere it be done:

Mine were the verie Cipher of a Function

To fine the faults, whose fine stands in record,

And let goe by the Actor:

*Isab.* Oh iust, but seuer Law:

I had a brother then; heauen keepe your honour.

*Luc.* Giue 't not ore so: to him againe, entreat him,

Kneele downe before him, hang vpon his gowne,

You are too cold: if you should need a pin,

You could not with more tame a tongue desire it: To him, I say.

*Isab.* Must he needs die?

*Ang.* Maiden, no remedie.

*Isab.* Yes: I doe thinke that you might pardon him, And neither heauen, nor man grieue at the mercy.

*Ang.* I will not doe't.

*Isab.* But can you if you would?

*Ang.* Looke what I will not, that I cannot doe.

*Isab.* But might you doe't & do the world no wrong If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse, As mine is to him?

*Ang.* Hee's sentenc'd, tis too late.

*Luc.* You are too cold.

*Isab.* Too late? why no: I that doe speak a word

May call it againe: well, belecue this

No ceremony that to great ones longs,

Not the Kings Crowne; nor the depured sword,

The Marshalls Truncheon, nor the Iudges Robe

Become them with one halfe so good a grace

As mercie does: If he had bin as you, and you as he,

You would haue slipt like him, but he like you

Would not haue beene so sterne.

*Ang.* Pray you be gone.

*Isab.* I would to heauen I had your potencie,

And you were *Isabell*: should it then be thus?

No: I would tell what 'twere to be a Iudge,

And what a prisoner.

*Luc.* I, touch him: there's the vaine.

*Ang.* Your Brother is a forfeit of the Law,

And you but waste your words.

*Isab.* Alas, alas:

Why all the foules that were, were forfeit once,

And he that might the vantage best haue tooke,

Found out the remedie: how would you be,

If he, which is the top of Iudgement, should

But iudge you, as you are? Oh, thinke on that,

And mercie then will breathe within your lips

Like man new made.

*Ang.* Be you content, (faire Maid)

It is the Law, not I, condemne your brother,

Were he my kinsman, brother, or my sonne,

It should be thus with him: he must die to morrow.

*Isab.* To morrow? oh, that's fodaine,

Spare him, spare him:

Hee's not prepar'd for death; euen for our kitchens

We kill the fowle of season: shall we serue heauen

With lesse respect then we doe minister

To our grosse felues? good, good my Lord, bethinke you;

Who is it that hath di'd for this offence?

There's many haue committed it.

*Luc.* I, well said.

*Ang.* The Law hath not bin dead, though it hath slept

Those many had not dar'd to doe that euill

If the first, that did th' Edict infringe

Had answer'd for his deed: Now 'tis awake,

Takes note of what is done, and like a Prophet

Lookes in a glasse that shewes what future euils

Either now, or by remissenesse, new conceiu'd,

And so in progresse to be hatc'd, and borne,

Are now to haue no successefull degrees,

But here they liue to end.

*Isab.* Yet shew some pittie.

*Ang.* I shew it most of all, when I shew Iustice;

For then I pittie those I doe not know,

Which a dismis'd offence, would after gaule

And